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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



CALIFORNIA BROADSIDES.



1875
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CALIFORNIA BROADSIDES.

ORDER OF FIRE.

ENVOY.

THE PROJECT.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE RETURN.



London, 1855

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CALIFORNIA BROADSIDES.

ENVOY.

IN joyous strain exultance-fraught,
From the uninquiring Crowd up caught
(Its glittering dust, wild fancies raise,
Thrown in their purblind eyes to daze) —
First heard a *Feu de joie* 's light sound,
Announcing THE EL DORADO found.

Impatient for the tempting prize,
From every side, in various guise,
See thronging to the Promise-Land
A numerous but unguided Band;
Fancying, with but the wish, to hold —
Establish'd in a seat of gold.

A Second peals : Behold, with this,
A Pair there seeking wedded bliss ;
Epitome of the eager Crew,
Unskill'd of hand and short of view,
Who affluence think at will to seize,
And earn — unlabouring for — its ease.

But what?—Is this not justly wooed
'Bove all?—not this the sovereign good?
At whatso cost—however gained,
Is not whate'er desired contained
In wealth? Can happiness be miss'd
Where money is? . . . Doubt they who list.

With more prolong'd report—A Third,
Deep booming o'er the wave, now heard :
To tell of nothing worth achieved,
Of projects baffled—hopes deceived,
A bare and frail existence left,
Of health—heart—means—all else—bereft !

Attend : Tho meant but smiles to move,
The Fire may not unuseful prove :
To warn from Folly's idle schemes ;
From greedy Gain's delusive dreams ;
And teach to, where not forc'd to roam,
FIND RICHES IN CONTENT AT HOME.

HO FOR CALIFORNIA!

OR

THE TRUE *EL DORADO*.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1.

WHAT, Boys! have ye not heard the news—

About the new Gold-Country?

Where 's game for whoso that pursues,

Sans license for the huntury.

'T is but to scrape the ground (they say)

For more than can be brought away.

Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!

There go we all for gold.

Henceforth we cut all lesser joys,

To be in riches roll'd.

2.

What fools we 've been all this long time,

To delve in barren England!—

When, in that arch-productive clime,

Gold grows like grass in dingle-land.

Had there we days—as here dug years,

Ere now we 'd all been *millionaires*.

Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!

There go we all for gold:

Its teeming soil a store deploys

Of treasures all untold.

3.

Dispell'd the mists, of doubt alone,

That long thereo'er had hover'd,—

The long-sought-for Philosopher's stone

Is now at last discover'd.

The basest “mettles”—vilest each—

Are there transmuted into “rich.”

Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!

There go we all for gold:

This yields a sweet that never cloy;

Thence for all ills consol'd.

4.

We long have heard of "Isles of bliss"
 And "Lands of milk and honey :"
 But never yet was land like this,
 Whose very "dust" is money.
 Rum-rivers—sugar-hills, at best,
 Compar'd to this are all a jest.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold :
 The loss of whatsoe'er employs
 Repaying a thousand fold.

5.

'T is said that "Money is your friend."
 And ne'er was truer saying ;
 Of whatso purpose—every end—
 The expenses all defraying.
 Who Friendship's purest joys would taste,
 Should to this true *Dorado* haste.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold :
 This gives a bliss that nought alloys,
 A warmth that ne'er grows cold.

6.

What tho sage Doctors call our plan
 'A suicidal mania':
 As its own cure—we hold it an
Amabilis insania.
 The really wanting hellebore
 Are those who slight the precious ore.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys !
 There go we all for gold.
 'T will keep our minds in equipoise,
 To sift the shining mould.

7.

Good bye, Old England! worn-out land
 Of credit, debt, and paper :
 For full supplies—of sure demand,
 We cut thee—with a caper.
 No more (where 's *gain*, alike the sites)
 We 're Britons, but Cosmopolites.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold :
 Where 's nor delusions nor decoys,
 But all “ *Fast* get—fast (?) hold.”

8.

Plod on, ye mill-horse race! stint—save,
 Behind your desks and counters.
 Toil on, ye industrious clods! sweat—slave,
 Ye obstacle-surmounters!
 We nor our wits nor sinews strain ;
 Unsown—we reap the “ *golden* grain.”
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold :
 Where every man his wealth enjoys
 In freedom uncontroul'd.

9.

What 's that? “ That naked, there, unfed,
 “ They 're starving midst their riches ;
 “ Can neither get a loaf of bread,
 “ Nor buy a pair of breeches.”
 Mere envy all : Ne'er failing yet,
 What is there *money* cannot get!
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold :
 Where only surplus cash annoys,
 An ill ne'er much condol'd.

10.

What 's that again? . . . "That we, whence came,
 " Shall back return—*if ever*—
 " Worse than when went; unfit, mind—frame,
 " For any good endeavour."
 Again mere envy: What but wealth
 Can *fee* for mind's or body's health?
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys?
 There go we all for gold.
Purse-sickness, only, health destroys;
 All others' salve is sold.

11.

But, hold with talk: Declaiming mere
 Is only good for scholars:
 We must be doing; while chattering here,
 They 're getting all the dollars.
 We shall get there, if at this rate,
 But just in time—to be too late.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold.
 Quick, charter shipping—steamers—hoys;
 Embark ye, young and old!

12.

Quick—get the steam up, hoist the sails;
 Nor let them think we 're humming;
 Crack on her! Blow, propitious gales!
St. Francis waits our coming.
 Take spade and shovel—sieve and sarse,
 And Off!—tho all turn out a farce.
 Then Ho for CALIFORNIA, Boys!
 There go we all for gold.
 Henceforth we cut all lesser joys,
 To be in riches roll'd.

TO CALIFORNIA THEN GO WE.

OR

THE LAND OF GOLD.

A NEW SONG, FOR TWO VOICES.

DEDICATED

“TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.”

1.

LADY. Pray cease, kind Sir! to press your suit;
Which cannot but miscarry;
For we 're both poor, and proud to boot;
And so can never marry.

GENT: Nay, “poor” *we were*; but so no more;
To say it sans effrontery;
For now we 've but to go for ore
To the new found Gold-Country.

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we;
Where marry in a trice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

2.

GENT: One never should, so Sages say,
Wed any but a Fortune;
'Gainst when should bills come in for pay,
And Creditors importune.

LADY. So say Mamas—'T is wiser much
To marry where with money;
For then, 'stead one short month of such,
All life will be of honey.

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we;
As wisdom's own device.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

3.

GENT: 'T is clear that money, firing love,
Is marriage's first jewel;
Still brightest burning, all above,
Where most abounds the fuel.

LADY. Aye ; wanting cash — the flame 's soon o'er :
For, as 't was ever seen do, —
When Poverty comes in at door,
Love straight flies out at window.
BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Where 's all that can entice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

4.

GENT : No doubt but poverty 's the cause
Of most nefarious actions ;
While wealth promotes, with just applause,
All great and good transactions.
LADY. 'T is true : just as in " Civil Life "
Are manners chiefly courteous,
Wherever riches most are rife
Must people be most virtuous.
BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Where 's neither crime nor vice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be .
A Land of Paradise.

5.

GENT : I 'd often times heard people talk
About The *El Dorado* ;
But thought 't was all a horse for stalk,
Or Spanish Don's bravado.
LADY. So too I 'd heard of lands, where scales
Of gold were fish'd like roaches ;
But took it for mere travellers' tales,
Or puffs of braggadocios.
BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Where prove the facts precise.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

6.

GENT: O great discovery this! and clean
Beyond that of Columbus.

No more, as erst in dog-days e'en,
Shall poverty's chill benumb us.

LADY. No; but to taste in plénitude
The purest joys of marriage:
For, once got' there, as I conclude,
We soon shall keep our carriage.

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we,
Where 's all that may suffice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

7.

GENT: 'T is strange no Friends advis'd this plan,
But call'd it 'scheme of ninny';
Not one, except a Lawyer-man
To whom I gave a guinea.

LADY. So none prais'd me this road to wealth;
Until I fee'd a Doctor,
Who straight declar'd it good for health;
Just like your learned Proctor.

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we;
As by the best "advice."
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

8.

GENT: Life's chief concern, in every state,
Is to provide the "needful":
But, most particularly, when to mate,
Of this one should be heedful.

LADY. Yes: "*well to do*" might all impel
To this peregrination:
And here our duty—*To do well*—
Combines with inclination.

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Thencefrom to cut a slice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

9.

GENT : Yet grieves it one to part with friends !
Tho at least, unless they 're hollow,
Each maiden and bachelor one intends
Us presently to follow ?

LADY. No doubt : for, who at home would stay,
Unmonied and unmated ;
When, by going there, at once they may
Get match'd and fortune-freighted ?

BOTH. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Nor think about it twice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

10.

GENT : Yes ; all who 'd wed, but have no pence,
Should quick go there to coin them ;
Nay every body, all who 've sense—
Or none at all, should join them.

LADY. So we, to do *at Rome as Rome*,
With The (New) World will mingle :
As long as folks stay sole at home,
They must continue single.

GRAND CHORUS. To CALIFORNIA then go we ;
Go——all ! who wish to splice.
For sure The Land of Gold must be
A Land of Paradise.

THE RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

AN INCIDENTAL POLYLOGUE.

SCENE — STEAMER'S FORECASTLE : HOMEWARD BOUND.

“ Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.”

POTE AND WILLIAMS.

id est —

‘ With a gold-hunter hope is, tho to repent full sore him.’

Passenger A. Fierce glow, ye coals ! fizz, steam ! let nought arrest her :
And blow, ye winds ! with furiosest South-wester.

Pass^r. B. O coke ! burn thou to ash : and, on to wheel us,
Swell all your cheeks, ye cherubs of old Æolus !

Sailor. Shipmate ! d’ you hear them chaps ? the beggar set !
sotto voce. How they ’re a longing home again to get.

Stoker. Aye, they ’re of them gold-hunters who ’ve lost scent,
” Now coming back still poorer than when went.

Pass^r. C. O when shall we get home ! where down to lie,
And once more see OLD ENGLAND ere we die.
At any rate, thank Heaven ! we ’re got away ;
Nor left to perish there, with longer stay.
From bowie-knives — disease — and that fell shore,
Escap’d, at least with life, if nothing more.

Pass^r. D. Yes, something ’t is that we are yet alive,
And this accurs’d gold-hunting scheme survive.
On such a wild-goose chase to go, dark-leap’d,
What could we expect ! as sow’d — so have we reap’d.

Pass^r. E. For iron frames *alone*—stout hearts—and heed,
And them *for briefest time*, it could succeed.
For one that has come back thence, there are ten—
Nay scores—of whom you 'll never hear again.

Pass^r. F. Aye, now how many are left of all that band,
Like us to seek this *El Dorado* Land,
Whose song, with dreams of ' bliss that nought alloys,'
Last year was—"HO FOR CALIFORNIA, BOYS."?

Pass^r. G. Or of such hopeful Couples, as that Pair,
In race with those nor doubting of the affair,
Who sung "TO CALIFORNIA THEN GO WE."?
Most likely now from Earthly cares set free;
Tho, if so, for them, their lot is less severe,—
They at least no longer plague each other here.

Pass^r. H. O fool that he, gold-digging schemes who tries!
We 've had its "dust" indeed—thrown in our eyes.

Pass^r. I. What then,—because not—air-like—to be got
For wishing merely, must not gold be sought?
Like all besides of Nature's bounteous store,
Sure for Man's use was form'd the glittering ore.

Pass^r. J. Yes; but to fitter hands, or those ill-starr'd
Compell'd, be left the search and its reward.
Far better ours by business to obtain,
The product of our industry's fair gain.

Pass^r. K. Aye, but we should have thought of these great facts
Before: what we want now is help—not Tracts:
What 'vails it, if you can't prevent to drown,
To sermonise us while we 're going down!

Pass^r. L. Aye—well for you, that, at such little cost,
Have paid your folly, with but labour lost ;
That yet, with health at least, not perishing,
Can preach and moralise upon the thing.
O my rheumatics—O my back—my breast !
O my whole trunk—my ruined chest !

Pass^r. M. O my portmanteau—carpet-bag ! my all !
Health—hopes—and cash, nought left me mine to call.

Pass^r. N. Nor less I 've lost health—time—trade—all whate'er ;
And hopeless of their either's loss' repair.
Work-tired at first ; now more, and helpless too ;
Unwilling then——*unfit* now ought to do.

Pass^r. O. For me, I feel, and as they warning gave,
I 've in those cursed “diggings” dug my grave.
All Morrison's pills, nor Holloway's salves to boot,
Would now not mend me, blighted—branch and root.

Pass^r. P. I 'm just as bad ; sick—sorry—hope-bereft,
My passage paid with my last farthing left.
Yea I 've still less than nothing : when I cross'd,
In debt for all I had ; and now that lost.

Pass^r. Q. In this “Free Trade,” where fortunes out to carve,
We 're now left at full liberty——to starve.
For me, I 'll for “Protection” call in this,
At all events—*The Court of Bankruptcy's*.

Pass^r. R. Aye—now the bubble 's burst, experience-skill'd,
We see the unsubstantial air that fill'd ;
Evap'rated our wine—we 're sober'd now ;
And, “wide awake”, our dreams for dreams allow.

Pass^r. S. With vain regrets our folly now we rue :
Tho hard the lot, 't is but, alas! our due.
Sufficient mine, tho but a slender store ;
I 'd competence at least, nor *needed* more.
O would I 'd followed, ere thus blindly driven,
The advice the Avonian Bard so well has given,—
' Rather to bear the ills upon us thrown,
' Than run the risk of greater that unknown.'

Pass^r. T. Aye, or the counsel all wise Teachers give—
' Not real good for doubtful better leave':
' To look for wealth in labour well design'd,
' And in *content* our happiness to find.'

Pass^r. U. Or the antient Sage's hint on stinted dole—
That ' Half is even better than the whole'.

Pass^r. V. Yes, that 's the genuine Midas-power of old,
Transmuting all it touches into gold.

Pass^r. W. Aye, that 's all true ; but now too late to scan :
Let 's get back home, while yet alive we can.

Pass^r. X. And what do there to live, while drag a leg ?—
We cannot dig, and must or starve or beg.

Pass^r. Y. Nay—*beg* we may not, e'en for bread : if dare,
We 're to the *Poor-House* sent, to earn it there.

Pass^r. Z. Well, there let 's go, where can't our lot be rougher,
And in good fellowship together suffer.

TUTTI QUANTI.

There go we all : The road for true communion
Lies straight from CALIFORNIA to " *THE UNION.*"







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